

THE
ende and Confession
of John Felton, the rank
TRAYTOR, that set vp
the Traiterous Bull on
the Byſshop of London
his Gate. .

Who ſuffered befoꝛ the ſame
Gate, foꝛ highe Treason a
gainſt the Queenes Maieſtie;
the .viii. Daie of
Auguſt.
1570.

With an Exhortacion to
the Papifles, to take
heede of the like.

By I. Partridge.

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**The Contellion of Iohn
Felton, with the maner
of his death.**



Dohn Felton,
he that set vp the
Trayterous Bull
on the Bysshop of
Londons Gate,
beynge attaynted
of hight Treason
and on Friday, being the .iiii. Daye
of August. M.D.LXX. was arraig-
ned, and condempned for the same
Offence, at the Guilde Hall in Lon-
don: and being there and then iudg-
ged to be drawen, hanged & quar-
tered, as mooste worthely he had de-
serued: he was had from thence to
Newgate, where he remayned tyll
Tuesdape, beynge the eyght Day of
the same foresaid Month of August
The same Tuesdape moornynge be-
foze he came out of Newgate, came
I.ii. to

that let by the Bull.

to hym two or three Godly and learned Preachers, who diligently counsayled hym, yea. and verie earnestly exhorted hym, perswadyng hym as touchyng his oppnyon by dyuers good and learned Argumentes, as well out of diuers & sundrie places of the Scriptures, as also out of the Auncient Fathers, the Doctozs of the Church: & he with much Arrogancie answered the, as well as his oppnyon serued hym, till at laste, he sawe it was so playne by the manifest Scriptures by them alledged: & so beyng ouercome, and could saye no more: And mozeouer his subtyll and craftie Dealyng beyng layde to his charge concernyng those whom he had deceued, & was yet indebted too: he made light of it, & said litle or nothyng to the matter. Then being redy to go downe to the Hurdle, the Preachers willed hym to reconspyle himself to God & the Quene, to take his
his

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his death patientlpe: & to acknowledge his haynons fact to bee inost wicked & detestable, in that, that he did so maliciouslie set vp þ Trayterous & malignant Scroule (termed a Bull:) and mozeouer most Trayterously Denied the Queenes Supremacie: with other hainous & Trayterous wordes against the Quenes Maiestic: not wortby to be reberfed as plainly it did appeare at his Arraignment: He answered wilfully & verpe obstinatlpe, as for þ, he knewe wel ynough what he had don. How beft he said, he was soze for it. Another willed him to remember hymselfe, & put his Truste in Chrifte his Death, and therby onely hope to be saued. He answered arrogantly and contraty to Chyists Doctrin (which is the true & sincere Religion,) þ hee beleued the Auncient & Catholique faith, whiche the holy father (the Pope) hath long Defended: and said, who soeuer beleued any other faith,

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orheld any other opinion, it was he
said, most wicked & erronfous: then
he came downe the Staires, ha-
vinge on a Satten Doublet, and a
Gowne of Grograyne: & being come
downe to the Stair foote, he desis-
red the people to praye for hym, and
besought God & all them to forgue
hym. Then he was layde vpon the
Hurdell, & was dramen alonge the
olde Bayle to Paules Churchyard
where he must suffer: & by the way,
he saide the *Deprofundis* in Laten to
himselfe: and being admonished by
Maister pong to call for mercy, and
onely to hope to be saued by Christ
his death & bloudshedding, he an-
swered neuer a worde that could be
hard or perceyued. Then Maister
Beechar the Shyrife said: aske god
mercy & thy Prynce, and be sorie for
thy Treason comitted. Quoth Fel-
ton, I am sorie for it: & I aske God
hartely mercy: Then he beyng come
to

that set vp the Bull:

to the place of Execution. he was loosed off the Hurdle by .ii. Sergeants and then was stript by the Hangmans of his Brograine Gowne & Satten Dubblet: then he standyng by querryng and Making with teare, said ah, ah, Lorde haue mercy vpon mee Then he being led by the Hangman to the foote of the Ladder: Maister Shrifffe Beechar, commaundyng Science willed Maister Christopher, the Secondarte of the Counter in the Pultry, to publysh a Proclamation in forme & Effect as foloweth.

The Queene our soueraigne Lady, Elizabeth by the grace of God, Queene of Englande, Fraunce, and Irelande, defender of the true auncient & Catholique fayth: Arayghly chargeth
J.iii. and

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and cōmaundeth by vs her
said Officers, all & euery her
louinge subiectes, on payne
that shall fall therof, that al
and euery of them, Whosoer
uer, not appointed to the exe
cution of John Felton late
attainted of hys Treason, &
therof founde guyltie by the
oth of .xii. honest, & discrete
men acording to her highnes
lawes, to departe the place,
that is to say .xx. foote from
this place, where the sayde
John Felton must receyue
execution for his high Tre
ason acording to his iudge
ment, which said John Fel
ton is here redie to receiue
execution according to the
tenor

that set by the Bull.

tenour of the iudgement to him appointed. Thus willing all and euery one to depart (as aforesaid,) that ech officer accordig to his office in this matter appoynted, may do his or their office w^out let or disturba^{ce} in this behalfe. And thus, God saue the Queene.

¶ At whiche worde, all the people, beinge there then assembled, (as it were wth one Voice) cried, (God saue the Queene:) and mozeouer, many wished all those that meant otherwise, & they might come to the same ende. Then felton hong down his Head: and said nothyng that either might be hard, or supposed by sight. The Proclamacion being ended, he kneeled down, & said p^r. li. Psalme in late, the he slept by plader, & turned his face to p^r. Bishops Gate, & said.

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Good people I desire you al to bere
witnesse that I take it on my death
that I neuer meant hurt oz harine,
oz any Treason toward my Prince
but onely that, that I did in setting
bp the Bull. Then Maister ponge
said: loe, wyl ye see how he woulde
cleare hymselfe of the haynous Tre-
ason by hym comitted. Then y^e Se-
condarie said: felton, thou hast ben
attapnted of high Treason, & found
guiltie by the Othe of twelue true, &
honest men: & therfore, acknowle dg
thy Treason, & be soze for it: & aske
God & thy Prince forgeuenesse. And
then M. Beechar the Shyriffe open-
ly befoze all the people said: felton,
thou wast iustly condemned of hye
Treason: and surely so thou art, the
rankest Traitor that euer I hard
of: and therfore, aske the Quene for-
geuenesse, and I pray God that hee
may forgeue thee. Then felton said
I desire you good M. Shyriffes to
hobbe the Quenes Maiestie that I

that set vp the Bull.

never ment any Treson against her
Grace: M. Beechar saide, she shalbe
certified as we haue founde by thee.
Then felton willed them to shewe
to her Grace, & he was most hartely
sorie for his fact & he was condēned
for, & that he besought her Grace to
forgeue him. That is wel said, quoth
M. Shyrife Beechar, & bad him wil
all the people to forgeue him, and to
pray for him, and euenso he did: and
then he said. O Lord into thy hāds
I comend my Spirit, in English, &
as he was sayng it in latē. *In manus*
tuas domine. &c. he was toured off the
Ladder, & hanging there sixturnes,
he was cut down and caried to the
Block, & there his hed was smitten
off & held vp that & people might se
it, wherat the people gaue a shoute
wishing & al Traitors were so ser
ued, then he was quartered, & caried
to Newgate to be perpoilde, & so set
vp, as the other Rebelles wtre.

¶ God saue the Queene.

**Aduertisementes to the
rest of þ Rebels and Papists
of Feltons Secte.**

ALL Papists now beware,
take heed by Feltons factes,
Example be it, to you all,
to shenne like Trayterous actes,
Let faith to Prince be true,
let duetie aye be sholwne,
And as eche subiecte ought to doo,
let subiectes truth be knowne,
Let fozren power go packe,
and Prince haue honour due
Let eche one sholwe obedience,
which he is bound vnto,
That hand shall kill it selfe,
that listes it selfe on hie,
And he that strives against his Prince,
shall perishe finallie,
No Treason hath bin so
in stonie walles incloasde,
But at the last, the Lorde of Hostes,
the same abzoade hath loasde.
And that which hidden was,
and no man did suspecte,

Peltons Confession

For Englandes welth and Princesse helth,
his mercie doth detecte.

Then let your stubburne hartes,
you Papistes now relent:

And yeld your selues to her, which for
your Queene, the lord hath sent.

What blindnes doth bewitch
your eyes, you can not see?

Or els what lyeng Spzite deludes,
and makes you thus to flee?

The fountayne of your welth?

and seeke such wayes vnknowne,

Renouncing him whose death hath bought,
vs wretches for his owne,

No Pardon sure can giue
remission of our sinne,

But euen the blood of Christ our Lord,
whose death our life did winne.

He onely saith Saint Iohn
remission both obtayne

For vs, he onely was the lambe,
that for our sinnes was slaine,

In earth and eke in heauen,
our Advocate is hee

With pearced wounds that begges for vs
before the Deitie.

What fondnes then shuld moue
you other ayde to craue?

Renouncing

that let by the Bull.

Renouncing hym, from whome you must
your comfort onely haue.

And blindly (as of late)

John Felton sure hath don,
In filthie Dregges of Bapistrise,
your lyuing daies to ronne.

Who no waies could retyze
When Death his parte should playe:
He yet perswaded on the woundes
of Iesu Chyste to stave.

In tyme therfore, renounce,
that Churche Sodomically,
And sie that filthie poysoned Cup
the poysons you with all;

Cast of that yoke, wherwith
of long you haue bin kept.
For sure the Garden of the Lord,
of force must now be swept:

The Lorde will take his Fanne
in hand, to purge his Grayne,
Casting the Chaffe in fire flambes
of endles wo and payne,

Wher nothing can once quench
or ease them of their woer:

Which tooke them selues to helpe of man,
and Christ did so forgo.

Who would haue iudged this,
that Felton late hath wrought:

Would

Heltons Conuention

Would haue so quickly come to light,
it passeth some mens thought.
Thers nothing that you do
by night, or els by daye:
But that if men do hold their peace,
the byrdes will it betraye.
Vee sees it well ynough,
that knowes your thoughtes of minde,
To stirr against his anoynted one,
you sayle against the winde:
And therfore syth with Saule,
ye thyrted after blood:
Retourne in tyme and trust in Chriſt
his death shall do you good.
And leaue that Antechriſt,
your dier and deadly foe:
Whose pompe doth seeke no other thing,
but god to ouerthrowe.
Let now vnto your Prince
your hartes addicted be,
Loue her as she hath well deseru'de,
by mercie vnto yee.
And warning take by him
whose fall ech one may beſee,
And learne to Prince and Publique weale
for euer to be trewe.
And laye beſore your eyes
the Guerdon of his Crime:
Renouncyng

that set by the Bull.

Renouncing quite all Papistris,
while thou hast daye and time,
For surely els he will,
enforce the stones to shewe,
The popson of thy hart, which late
did Felton ouerthrowe.
And thus to make an ende,
the liuinge Lorde I pray:
To turne the hartes of Papistes all,
tymbzace this goulden daye:
Wherin our gracious Queene,
most graciously doth raigne:
To ouerthrowe all Papistris:
and truth for to maintaine,
And send them hartes to rewe
Their wretched wilfulnes,
And yeald her thanks, that doth prouide
to saue them from distresse,
And all that errour doth,
as yet prouoke to straye,
God graunt they may retorne at last
and take a better waye,
And such as mallice dothe
prouoke alwaye to shewe,
God graunt them all, to passe that waye
Where Feltons gone before.

Finis. Ad. 3. P.

God save the Q.ueene.



